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The Bee hive

S e v e n D i a l s
[London]

[ca.1820?]

Reel: 36 Title: 6

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Master Negative Storage Number: OC100036.06**

Control Number: ADG-3606

OCLC Number : 13101919

Call Number : W PN970.E5 BEEHx

**Title : The Bee hive, or, The sips of the seasons : being a choice
collection, of the newest songs, now singing at all public
places of amusement.**

Imprint : Seven Dials [London] : J. Pitts, printer, [ca. 1820?]

Format : 8 p. ; 19 cm.

Note : Cover title.

Note : Title vignette.

Note : Without music.

Subject : Chapbooks, English.

Subject : Songs, English.

Added Entry : Pitts, J., printer.

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Film Size: 35mm microfilm

Image Placement: IIB

Reduction Ratio: 8:1

Date filming began: 8/30/94

Camera Operator: CS

Bee Hive

12

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THE BEE HIVE,

OR, THE

SIPS OF THE SEASONS.

BEING A

Choice Collection,

OF THE NEWEST SONGS,

Now singing at all Public Places of Amusement.



1. She Lives not a Mile from the Meadow.
2. Now don't be Foolish Pray.
3. Mary of the Dale.
4. Tom Steady.
5. Harry Hawser.
6. Garland of Love.
7. Lovers' Whiskey.
8. Roll of Wapping Steep.
9. Johnny Big Junior's Bargain, Or, the Yorkshire Wedding.

10. Nothing at All.
11. The last Whistle; or, Sailor's Epitaph.
12. Mr. and Mrs. Fog and their Daughters.
13. Fair Evelyn's Bower.
14. The sweet lip of Beauty adorn'd with smile.
15. The Cumber and Goose.
16. Lovely, Charming Woman.
17. The Sons of the Ocean.
18. But now the Tunnel's all the Co.

J. PITTS, Printer and toy warehouse, Great St. Andrew Street, Seven Dials
PRICE ONE PENNY.

1 SHE LIVES NOT, &c.

I LOVE and am lov'd by a maid,
 And while with each true maid,
 The prize of the heart and hand;
 Not swains but is hid in her guise,
 And all the charms she possesses;
 And while on her person they gaze,
 Not tongue but her beauty confesses,
 And she lives not a mile from the meadows,
 The daisy'd green meadows, the daisy'd green meadows.

She lives not a mile from the meadows,
 She lives not a mile from the meadows,
 To purchase her charms by each proffer,
 Still Phoebe could insult deride,
 And scorn both the tempter and offer,
 Encircled by chastity's shield,
 Not slander itself could revile her,
 For Phoebe never would yield,
 For Calumny's tongue to beguile her;
 Oh! she lives not a mile from the meadows.

The daisy'd green meadows,
 She lives not a mile from the meadows.
 And Phoebe the maid of the grove,
 To wit and deception a stranger,
 Has listen'd to hymn and love,
 To guard and defend her from danger,
 Oh yes! and each power divine,
 Shall see such affection requited,
 For Phoebe swore to be true,
 And heaven shall see us united;
 Oh! she lives not a mile from the meadows.
 The daisy'd green meadows,
 She lives not a mile from the meadows.

2. NOW DON'T BE FOOLISH PRAY

YOUNG Hodge met Mog the miller's
 maid,
 Who long his suit deny'd,
 And half-clin'd and half afraid,
 Scratch'd his head and cry'd
 Now, Moggy when I love you so,
 Why still our joys delay,
 Come hang it to the Persimmon,
 And don't be foolish pray,
 Sweet Moggy with an artless blush,
 That sham'd the roses here,
 Look'd round and cried to Hodge hush,
 hush,

"We shall be overheard I know,
 The Mill won't work to day,
 Be quiet Hodge my hand let go,
 Now don't be foolish pray,
 Poor Hodge the child was at hand,
 And cry'd tell them good bye
 'Is'te good to sue me and
 'Since the mill is out of gear,
 'Mecast you off, (says Moggy,) no,
 'The Mill won't work to day,
 'And so dear Hodge to church let's go,
 'And don't be foolish pray."

3. MARY OF THE DALE.

ET poets sound the high down praise,
 Of girls in fashion's ring,
 In humble strain I chaunt my lays,
 And humble beauties sing.

A simple boy,
 Singing with joy,
 Sweet Mary of the dale.
 Her cheeks are like the blushing rose,
 Her bosom like the lily white,
 Her breath the sweetest gale that blows,
 Her eyes the diamonds bright.

Such charms as these,
 In Mary of the dale.
 Her heart is innate virtues sweet,
 And of wit, her mind,
 Her manners soft, her language sweet,
 Her sentiments refin'd,

Yes, she so rare,
 So chaste and fair,
 Sweet Mary of the dale.
 Lov'd how blest the youth,
 To him are known,
 All charms and truth,
 A heart like her's—his own.

O happy he,
 Must surely be,
 With Mary of the dale.

4. TOM STEADY

TOM Steady own'd a hand and brain,
 That worth and virtue could impart,
 The kindest thought of man's creation,
 Adorn'd his mind and form with heart.
 Yet think not that he lov'd devoted,
 In milk'd sop fashion Tom you view—
 His fault was he too fondly doted,
 On one who gave him pain true,

The maid had own'd shallow love and true;
So well as Tom, who scorn'd to be
To one he priz'd much more than brother,
In confidence his joys express'd;
Thus friend (in friendship) there's no saying,
What things may happen told the maid,
That Tom had been her lover, saying,
And kindly this his friend betray'd.
The lass indignantly left her lover;
The faithful friend supply'd his place;
Nor yet did hapless Tom discover,
His loss, rejection, and disgrace,
Till friend and love from church returning,
He met array'd in gayest pride,
He fell to earth with anguish burning,
The neighbours jeer'd but Thomas died.

5. HARRY HAWSER.

ONE morn when the wind o'er the ocean
shimmer'd lightly,
And the surge slowly rippled against the sand
shore,
Harry Hawsar a fisherman bold, and built
tightly,
Prepar'd his trim skiff, as he doft on'd be-
fore,
But his Nancy to whom scarce a week had
been shackled;
Felt a dread at the parting and pray'd he'd
remain,
He smil'd at her fears, cry'd I'm well, kiss'd
and tuckl'd;
Ere night I'll my Nancy shall see me
again,
Round his neck with his heart of far-boding
his wife hung,
He kiss'd the salt tear from her cheek, bade
God bless her,
Coll'd his nets, and on board of his trim skiff
with life sprung,
Hoisted sail, way'd his hand, and acceded
from view,
Success crown'd his efforts, beyond far his
hopes,
And he publish'd and sung in the praise of
his Nan,
His net lines and tackle he presently took into
Tackl'd about, and for homeward with full
sail he ran,
But the winds quickly veer'd, the clouds
thicken'd heavy,
he rain pour'd in torrents and loud thun-
ders roar'd,

The billows roll'd high and the lightning
was vivid,
The mast it was shiver'd, and went by the
board.
Then poor Hawsar, in vain, at practice ad-
vis'd him,
Strive to govern the skiff which he found
leaky grew,
Death stared in his face, and a wave soon
capsiz'd him,
His last words were—dear Nancy, thy
fears were to true,
A night of distraction poor Nancy pass'd
over,
Blue burnt the flame, and her fond heart
sadly beat.
As day broke she hasten'd to traverse the sea
shore,

Bare headed in hopes her dear Hawsar to
meet,
A form by the wave newly thrown up she
spied out,
A form too well known, 'twas her Haw-
sers so brave,
She fell on his breast—kiss'd his cold
cheek, and sigh'd out,
“Tis thy bosom, my Hawsar, shall be the
Nan's grave,
Now the news was soon spread, and the beach
quickly crowded
To see this fate of the couple so true,
Every heart felt a pang, every brow there was
clouded,
The tear drop of pity each cheek had bedew'd,
To the grave they were borne, as his bosom
she died on,
Cheek to cheek, heart to heart in the dust
lain they were,
And the mast of the wreck, as then her
was inscrib'd on,
Here lies Harry Hawsar, and Nancy his
dear.

6. THE GARLAND OF LOVE.

HOW sweet are those flowers that grow
by yon fountain,
And sweet are the cowslips that grow
in the grove,
And sweet is the breeze that blows
from the mountain,
Yet none are so sweet as the lad e
Then I'll weave him a garland
A fresh flowing garland,

Wish it lies and roses,
And sweet blowing posies,
A garden I'd give to the lad that I love.
I was down in a vale where the sweet Torrens
gliding, (the dark grieve,
murmuring streams ripples through
own that I felt all my passion confiding,
To ease the fond sighs of the lad that I love.
Then I'll weare, &c.

7. LOVE AND WHISKEY.

LOVE and Whiskey boys,
Rejoice an honest fellow,
Unripe joys of life,
Love and Whiskey mellow,
Both the head and heart,
Set in palatation,
From both we often find,
A mighty sweet sensation.
Love and Whiskey joys,
Let us gaily twist 'em,
In the thread of life,
Faith we can't resist 'em.
Loves a jealous pang,
In heart ache oft we find it,
Whiskey in its turn,
A head ache leaves behind it,
Thus of love we drink,
We curse the enchanted cup, sir,
All its joys forswear,
And then take another cup, sir.
Love and Whiskey can,
No any thing persuade us,
No other power we fear,
That ever can invade us,
Should others dare intend,
They will find our lads so frisky,
By none can be subdued,
Except by Love and Whiskey.
May the smiles of love,
Cheer our lads so clever,
And in Whiskey boys,
We'll drink King George for ever.

8. FOLL OF WAPPING STAIRS.

YOUR landemen's wives with all their
aits,
Must strike to Foll of Wapping Stairs,
Not tighter lass is going,
From Iron gate to Lambhouse hole,
You'll never meet a better soul,

Not while the Thames is flowing.
Her father, he's a jolly dog,
Poll keeps him spruce and brews his grog,
And never minds his measures too,
She minds full well the house affairs,
And seldom drinks and never sweats;
And is 'at that a pleasure,
And when we wed that happy time,
The bells of Wapping all shall chime,
And when we're gone to Davy,
Our girls like, Poll shall work and sing,
Our boys like me shall serve the King,
On board Old England's Navy.

9. JOHNNY FIGG JUNIOR'S EAR-GAIN; OR, THE YORKSHIRE WEDDING.

THE gala so fam'd of long standing,
Where Madam Figg gain'd so much glory,
Folks thought who had some understanding,
It had damag'd her upper story;
Still the lovers of art and of release,
Amazement she wish'd more to sit on,
But her I-D-s refused ac-que-si-ance,
The devil a thought could she hit on.
But—Rum ti, &c.
At length her good genius inspired her,
And Fanny she lent her assistance,
The picture she painted so fired her,
That nothing she thought could resist
ence,
She made up her mind to proclaim in,
That Johnny their heir and darling,
The day of his wedding should name it,
With accomplish'd sweet Jossy Macfarling.
Rum ti, &c.
The church had such oddish old capers,
So wide from the presenton tashin,
I would certainly give her the vapours,
So all should take place at her mansion,
The ring it were bought and the licence,
Purcur'd with all speed by the croney,
She sh'd all the lovers of nice-sence,
To honour this grand ce-re-mo-n-y.
Rum ti, &c.
Then the bride Johnny led by the hand,
Who trembling held down her head, Sir,
Tho' her skin it so brownly were tan'd,
Her blushes quite variat'd it red, Sir,
Then her father who once kept a stall,
Madam Figg as her partner up call'd,
And then came, Sir, the gentlefolk all,
Invited to be at the nup-shalls.
Rum ti, &c.

Then the vicar his spectacles took,
And reads with an audible tone, Sirs,
Hemph—'t first chapter of this wondrous
Book,

Or read it or let it alone, Sirs,
When straight finding the trick he'd been
play'd;

And casting a look at the clerk, Sirs,
Doing it, he shy'd the book to his head,
And clos'd both his papers in dark, Sirs.

(Spoken.)—Yes, the vicar thought that
poor little tiptoe the clerk, had play'd him
the trick of putting the written article in the
book, when it was done by Captain Crump,
who had a little bit of a private amour with
the lady, and wanted to amuse himself with
Rum ti, &c.

Madam Figg she scream'd out with affright,
And the bride she swooned a way, Sirs,
Johnny Figg exerted his might,

To put a quick end to the tray, Sirs,
The poor clerk squinted out from his eyes,
Declaring he knew nought about it,

But the vicar he swore 'twas d—d lies,
And would thrash the best that dared doubt.

Rum ti, &c.
The narration was settled and peace,
Her empire resumed instead, Sirs,

Soon good harmony 'gan to increase,
And sent 'em all reeling to bed, Sirs,
But in three months from that madam saw,

An increase to family joy, Sirs,
For her darling sweet daughter-in-law,
Brought forward a large multiplying boy

Sir, (Spoken.)—And tho' it was the exact
image of Captain Crump, poor little John-
ny was obliged to acknowledge it as his own,
and as he tamely handled it on his knee
sang,

Rum ti, &c.
10. NOTHING AT ALL.

IN Derry Down Dale when I wanted a
mate,

I went with my daddy a courting to Kate,
With my nosgay to her and my holiday
clothes,

My hands in my pocket a courting I goes,
The weather was cool and my bosom was
hot.

My heart in a gallop, my mare in a trot, he
Now I was so bashful and loving withal,

My tongue stuck to my mouth and I said
nothing at all.

But tol, de rol, &c.
When I got to the door I look'd lumpy and
glum,

The knocker I held 'twixt my finger & thumb,
Tap went the rapper and Kate show'd her
chin,

She chukled and duckle-I bow'd and went in,
Now I was as bashful as bashful could be,
And Kitty poor soul was as bashful as me,

So I bow'd and she grinn'd, and I let my hat
fall, (nothing at all)

Then I smil'd, scratch'd my head and said
But tol, de rol, &c.
If bashful was I, no less bashful the maid,

She simper'd and blush'd, with her apron string
play'd,
Till the old thing impatient to have the thing
done,

Agreed little Kitty and I should be one,
In silence we young folks soon nodded con-
sent, (we went,

Hand in hand to the church to be married,
Where we answer'd the parson in voices so
small,

Love, honour, obey, and a-nothing at all,
But tol, de rol, &c.

But mark what a change in the course of a week
Our Kate left of chaffing and I boldly could
speak,

Could play with my deary laugh loud as a jest
She could do as too, and fondle as well as the
best,

Asham'd of past follies we often declar'd,
To encourage young folks who at wedlock are
scar'd, (they call,

For it once to their old some assurance
You may kiss and be married and a-nothing at
all.

But tol, de rol, &c.
11. THE LAST WHISTLE.

WHETHER (sailor or not, for a moment
Poor Jack's mizen-top sail is hid to the main,
He'll ne'er turn out or will more beam the
lead,

He's now all aback, or will sail about a head,
Yet he worms knows his timbers, his vessel
and wreck, (deck.

When he hears the last whistle he'll jump upon
For sixty long years, with his passage thro' life,

was said to be

Attended by tempests for Jack had a wife,
To leeward adversity's current flew strong,
But the rudder of honesty bore him along,
And the worms know his timbers, his vessel
a wreck,
When he hears the last whistle he'll jump upon
deck.

Secur'd in his cabin he moor'd in the grave,
Nor hears any more the loud roar of the
wave.

Press'd by death he is sent to the tender be-
low,

Where lubbers and seamen must every one go,
Yet the worms know his timbers, his vessel
a wreck, (deck.

When he hears the last whistle he'll jump upon
With his frame a mere hulk and his reckoning
on board,

At last he drapp'd down to mortality's foad,
With eternity's ocean before him in view,
He cheerfully pip'd out my messmates adieu,
For the worms know his timbers, my vessel
a wreck,

When I hear the last whistle I'll jump upon
deck.

12. MR. AND MRS. FOG, &c.

MR. FOG he conducted a chandlers
shop.

Mrs. Fog was just fit for her station,
And they had a daughter they call'd
Miss Pop,

Who had a polite education,
For Missey was sent to a boarding
school,

Where all the fine things they
taught her,

I don't mean to say Mr. Fog was a
fool,

But he made a great fool of his
daughter.

(Spoken.)—Miss came home for the holi-
days, and all their friends were invited: Miss
Poppy sat as prim as a wax-doll in a toy shop
window. Poppy, says Mr. Fog, Poppy my
dear, do Pouly woo a little to shew your
learning. Ea, pa, what a fool you are. Vell
says the Tripeman, that's var I call manners.
Come, come, my dear, says Mrs. Fog, do
speechify a little snonomy and botomy, about
planets and comets. Vy, ma, if I did you
wouldn't understand it. Manners again, said
the Tripeman.

But just as you like, to fashion bow,
Every one to their liking,

As the old woman said when she
kiss'd her cow,

I'm the picture striking,
Miss Fog she left school just as wise as
as she went,

And dress'd out in muslins and
sandals,

She oftentimes into the shop was
sent,

To serve out soap, small beer and
candles.

The customers star'd and they thought
it strange,

(All genteel shopkeepers are her)
But she'd to give but a farthing
in change.

She wrapp'd it in white brown
paper,

(Spoken.)—Vy, Miss, says an old woman
who wanted a rag worth of sand and change
for a ha'penny, that's a new go to put off bad
coppers. Don't be sarty, says Fog, my dar-
ter's been to a boarding school, to learn gentility.
O, says a coal-heaver, I likes the genteel
thing wasty. So, here Miss, hands over a
quartern of butter, while I wrap my dirty mo-
ney in a rag that it mayn't soil your lilly white
knuckles. I beg, sir, you won't be impertent.
I declare, pa, I never won't come into the shop
no more, if I'm to be treated so by these cannell
(cannaille:). Dirty butter, said an Irish wo-
man, who do you call Kennel? go, wrap your
bones up in cotton, and lay yourself up till
the lavender season, Miss.

But just as you like it, &c.
Miss Fog at the shop she soon turn'd
up her nose,

Soon turn'd it up at pa and ma too,
And then in the family quarrel arose;

And at last grew a fine civil war too,
Miss Pop she pop'd off and her home
deserts,

And married a spouting 'prentice,
And she was never taught how to
make shirts,

Was forc'd to make shifts by
twenties.

(Spoken.)—He was a young amateur
fashion; they play'd Romeo and Juliet, with
Love Laughs at Lock-smiths. Three weeks
after marriage the gallant gay Lothario, let
the Fair Penitent on remorse. Now instead
of studying the dog star, she cries cats meat,
and all her botomy is turned into cabbage
plants.

But just as you like, &c.

13. EVELYN'S BOWER.

OH weep for an hour,
When to Evelyn's bower;
The lord of the castle with false vow came
The moon hid her light,
From the heaven's that night,
And wept behind the clouds o'er the maid-
en's shame.

The clouds past soon,
From the chaste, cold moon,
And heaven smil'd again with her vestal
flame.

But none shall see the day,
When the clouds shall pass away,
Which that dark hour left upon Evelyn's
fame.

The white snow lay,
On the narrow path way,
When the lord of the valley came over the
moor,

And many a deep print,
On the white snows tint,
Shew'd the track of his footsteps to Evelyn's
door,

The next sun's ray,
Soon melted away,
Every trace on the path where the false
lord came.

But there's a light above,
Which alone can remove
The stain upon the snow of Evelyn's fame.

14. THE SWEET LIP, &c.

LET others go climb the proud hill of
ambition,

On history's tablet to chisel their name,
True happiness bows not to their definition,
Her home is not found in the bubble of
fame.

Let some think the chase can give charms
beyond measure,

And others with learning their moments
beguile:

My worship shall be at the fountain of
pleasure,

The sweet lip of beauty adorn'd with a
smile.

Let toppers preside at the full merry meet-
ings,

And boast the delights that of Bacchus
late bore;

The friendship that springs from the grape
is but fleeting.

A vapour of night that dissolves in the
morn.

That jewel I'll seek in my life's dearest
treasure.

Unfashion'd by interest, unallied with
guile;

The heart of a friend in the bosom of plea-
sure,

When beauty's sweet lips adorn'd with
a smile.

15. THE COBLER AND GOOSE.

A COBLER lived at York,

A merry man was he,

His wife took needle work,

A good kind soul was she;

Easy as an old shoe,

They pass'd their lives together,

All of a piece to true,

Like sole and upper leather.

[Spoken.] They were a happy couple,
work'n hard and never grumbled at the
times, or at each other, that's a rare thing
in our days, while she nimbly employed
her needle, he hammers away at the lap-
stone and sung,

Run, tan, tan.

The cobbler bought a goose,

And fattened it quite high;

Somehow the bird got loose,

The day it was to die.

Here 'Pegs' hawl'd out the wife,

'Run after the goose to win him;

Goosey, she ran for her life,

And the cobbler run for his dinner.

(Spoken.) Away he went and the boys
after him, calling out now cobbler, now
goose, two to one upon Pegs, egad he al-
most caught her once, when his foot-slip,
and headlong he went into a sty, among a
litter of pigs, and only saved his bacon by
leaving the flaps of his jacket in the old
sow's grinders, but Pegs was not to be a-
bash'd, he followed her through bush and
brier, bogs, quagmire, over houses, trees, &
hedges, ditches, fields, cats, dogs, cocks,
hens, cows, bulls and pigs. At last he
knock'd down the stall of an old woman,
who sold hot apple dumplings, that made
a rare scramble for the boys—and what
could they do but sing—Run, &c.

By the river he seized her rump,
But she got loose with a scream,
And he fell in the water blump,
While goosy crossed the stream.
So, finding the chase no use,
He went home in a shiver,
Told wifey he'd lost the goose,

But got a fine duck in the river.
(Spoken) Oh! wile, wife, he cried, I've
had my morning's wet, the goose has gone a
gander hunting; I was thrown out and had
fairly a tumble in, besides leaving half my
jacket in pawn; in the piggy's my wild
goose chase has turned out a duck, but no
green peas and as I'm very wet you may as
well hand us over a drop of

Ben, &c.

16. LOVELY, CHARMING WOMAN.

WHEN to lovely woman's power,
Man submits his raptur'd soul,
Then he calls life's sweetest flower,
Then his hours in pleasure roll:
Nor should meaner ties invading,
Tempt deluded men to stray,
Blest alone which love pervading,
Bends him to dear woman's sway.
Lovely woman! charming woman
The best and dearest gift of life.
Earth contains no other treasure,
Which the truly wise should prize,
Life no sweeter, dearer pleasure,
Than when love beams from her eyes,
He, alone, to heaven aspiring,
E'er can hope its joys to know,
Who, no other heaven desiring,
Worships woman here below.
Lovely woman! charming woman!
The best and dearest gift of life.

17. THE SONS OF THE OCEAN.

ON the green bottom waves Britains bul-
warks appear,
The grandeur and boast of the sea,
And her foes, panic struck, must approach
them with fear,
Wherever they're destin'd to be,
Or, should they, too, falling, those bulwarks
defy,
And to humble our pride have a notion

They may fight, but for what? to be taken o
die,
By our tars, the brave sons of the ocean,
Must strike, boys, or drown,
To the bottom go down,
By the true British sons of the ocean.

The number bear on us, any even two to one
We scorn e'er to tumble or run
The word is 'make ready' the challenge,
'come on!
While each man repairs to his gun.
As for parley, and such things, we care not a
pin.
A calm, or the waves in commotion,
Tis enough that we know that the foe must
give in.

To our tars, the brave sons of the ocean,
Must strike, boys, or drown,
To the bottom go down,
By the true British sons of the ocean.

Yet, think not our creed is to conquer or brag,
Or smile o'er a poor fall'n foe,
For, where is the man in his duty would lag,
To tell a brave enemy's name?
If such, he never was a seaman right true,
That felt not for grief an emotion,
Nor shall he be put in the Albion's crew,
With our tars the brave sons of the ocean,
O, boys, but down,
To the bottom go down,
By the true British sons of the ocean.

18. BUT NOW THE TUNNEL, &c.

HAD I the roasting trade I had,
I would not look so blue,
For though my bills would make men mad,
My punch still kept them true:
How jocosely old Tinkins quaff'd,
With yonder door ajar,
While Bacchus in my cellar laugh'd,
And Patty in my bar.
But now the tunnel's all the go—
My roasting trade stands still,
Men to their horses cry wo! had
And drive beneath the hill; I sod but
Then break my spits untruss my fowl
And leave my door ajar,
The lawyer in my celler scowls,
The devil's in my bar.



